

Chapter 600 Long Time No See, Mr. Fowler!

As Albert said this, he reached for the door with the intention of getting down from the car.

But Melissa didn't like the idea of going out to meet Marcus.

For one, she no longer wanted to have any connection with Marcus. Secondly, his beloved woman was by his side, while she was alone and pregnant with his child. This was a very awkward and unbearable situation for her.

It had been over half a year since they last saw each other, and now, Marcus eventually chose a girl from a background that matched his.

Certainly, Jessie must be that new girlfriend of Marcus' that Ryan had talked about!

Before Albert could get down from the car, Melissa quickly stopped him.

She immediately made up a rather clumsy excuse. "I had some disagreements with him at work back then and we didn't part on friendly terms. I really don't think it's a good idea, Mr. Waston."

Albert nodded in understanding.

Then he said with a smile, "Since you had an unpleasant experience with him, I guess you don't have to meet him. I'll just go over and say hello to him alone."

Melissa breathed a sigh of relief when she heard this.

The driver, when he heard what Albert said, quickly stepped out of the car and hurried over to open the rear door for him.

Albert was the president of Waston Group in Heron. Even though he was over 40, he still maintained his physical charm. After all, he had a face and figure that belied his age.

Meanwhile, Marcus was focused on handling his luggage. At some point, he turned and said to Jessie, who was standing very close to him, "Isn't this inappropriate? Why not keep a bit of distance?"

But Jessie said with a pout like a spoiled child, "I told my family I have a boyfriend, but they didn't believe me, and they even decided to send someone to follow me. If not for James' sake, at least considering the time you behaved like a jerk, you should really help me with this."

"I don't think that's a good reason why I should help you," Marcus grumbled in displeasure and quickly removed her hand which she had placed on his arm, but Jessie drew closer to him again, acting nice and sweet.

"Marcus, what a coincidence!" Albert suddenly called out, which startled the couple.

Marcus quickly looked up and his eyes widened in surprise. "Uncle Albert, why are you in Duefron?" he asked.

It was a well-known fact in both Heron and Duefron that Albert admired Marcus' mother, Rena. Albert himself also never made any effort to conceal this affection.

Whenever Rena was celebrating her birthday and even on Valentine's Day, he would send her expensive gifts.

Even though Rena would usually refuse to accept them, he always insisted that she did.

This had been going on for about twenty years now.

At the beginning Waylen usually felt displeased with it. But over time, he became indifferent and began to consider it as Albert's contribution to the Fowler family since he couldn't stop it.

When Marcus first heard this story, he was left speechless.

But he had no choice but to admit to himself that Albert was not only a quite impressive businessman but also an affectionate romantic.

"Girlfriend?" Albert asked with a smile, referring to Jessie who was still hanging on Marcus' arm. "Care to introduce us?"

"She's just a friend," Marcus clarified with a faint smile.

But Jessie immediately grabbed his hand even tighter and said to Albert, "Hello, Uncle Albert!"

Marcus quickly pulled his arm out of her grip. He wasn't a particularly warm person. "Uncle Albert, it's getting late, I need to board," he said to Albert after checking the time on his wristwatch.

Albert lifted his chin slightly in response.

"You didn't ask me why I came to the airport today," he said in mock rebuke. "You're so much like your father, not much like Rena. Always so aloof."

It was when he said this that it occurred to Marcus to glance at his car.

"You came to pick up a client?" he guessed.

"Yes." Albert nodded with a smile. "I came with my secretary. Speaking of which, my secretary is pretty much from Duefron. Would you like to meet her?"

Marcus was pressed for time, and he also didn't want Jessie to pester him.

He certainly didn't want to be her fake boyfriend.

After thinking for a moment, he said to Albert, "Maybe next time."

Albert didn't insist. He just smiled and said, "That's a pity."

Marcus gave him a parting nod and then left with his luggage. Jessie, whom he had left behind, stomped her feet in frustration.

Albert, with his hands in his pockets, looked at her with a faint smile on his face.

"If I were you, I would just give up and forget about him. He certainly won't be your Mr. Right," he warned her.

As far as he was concerned, he wouldn't judge the way Jessie pursued Marcus. All was fair in love and war, after all. However, Marcus already had someone else in his life. Even though they had had disagreements and parted ways, she was still pregnant with his child and was currently in Albert's car.

Meanwhile, Jessie turned around when she heard what Albert said.

She no longer acted all nice and sweet. Instead, she said sarcastically, "Thank you, Uncle Albert, but that's my decision to make!"

"Better take the advice. It's for your own good," Albert pointed out before turning around and heading back to his car. But Jessie followed him. "I'd like to hitch a ride with you when you're going back," she requested.

"Sorry. That will not be possible. Not much space in here," Albert refused.

Jessie became furious. What kind of person was this man? He looked like a gentleman, but he lacked grace!

Meanwhile, Albert leaned against his car leisurely and lit a cigarette. As he smoked, he watched Jessie's retreating figure as she walked away. "If I let her get in the car, she might cry on the spot," he muttered to himself with a chuckle.

Now that only Albert was standing outside, Melissa finally felt comfortable enough to get out of the car.

"Mr. Waston," she called as she came up to Albert who was lost in thought.

Knocked out of his reverie, Albert quickly extinguished his cigarette and assumed a businesslike demeanor. "I won't force you to meet him," he said calmly. "I just want to tell you that if he's not aware of your pregnancy, there may come a time when he will enter into a business alliance through marriage."

Albert wasn't really close to Marcus, but he could see that the young man's feelings for Melissa wasn't up to the level of a lifelong commitment yet.

Being indifferent by nature, he might behave the exact same way if he entered any new relationship. It was only a matter of time.

Clearly, he had analyzed the pros and cons of Melissa meeting with Marcus. Melissa herself was also aware of them.

She felt grateful to Albert for looking through the exact situation and reminding her of just what she needed to know.

Albert, on his part, understood Melissa's stance, so he didn't bother to say much. He only added, "As long as you don't regret it."

Melissa didn't regret it at all.

How could she? After all, the difference in their statuses was like an insurmountable barrier. If they ever had any conflicts in the future, she would always end up at a disadvantage and get seen as not worthy of being called Mrs. Fowler.

She once liked Marcus very much, but she also had a sense of pride and dignity which would not let her abase herself in any way.

Leaving Melissa to her own device, Albert went to meet his clients. It

was at this point that Melissa realized that he knew various niche languages. Hence, he didn't really need any translator or her assistance at all.

Beyond the airport terminals, dozens of planes lined the tarmac. Melissa recognized the Fowler family's private jet at a glance. She knew Marcus was currently seated inside.

After the snow had been cleared off the runway and the plane, the plane's wings shimmered with silver light. Looking at it, Melissa felt a slight stinging sensation in her eyes. She thought it was just the glare from the wings that were reflecting sunlight.

At this point, the private jet began to move, gradually accelerating as it made its way down the runway. As it went past Melissa, a chilling sensation went through her body. Marcus, is this the farewell we never had? She wondered.

Eventually, the private jet soared into the air, heading for a destination she didn't know.

Melissa kept staring at it, until it became a tiny black dot in the sky. In her heart, she repeatedly called Marcus' name.

All of a sudden, she felt a gentle movement in her lower abdomen. Apparently, the baby inside her had stirred.

Melissa looked down at her belly and caressed it affectionately.

★

TWO YEARS LATER

Marcus returned after he had successfully acquired a large energy company in Livebop. In fact, Livebop was now the second-largest global hub for the Fowler Group, and their stocks had increased by 50% in the last three years alone.

Despite his flourishing career, he had no woman by his side.

Back in Duefron, the Fowler family had picked several girls from their social circles that they felt would be suitable for him. All of them looked outstanding and were talented in various ways. Fast-forward to two months later, Marcus had gone on two dates with a young woman from the Finch family, and he felt quite indifferent about her.

Even though he was now 30, Marcus still didn't have any real interest in women.

His choice of Violette Finch was mainly due to her hair color and a particular habit of hers, nothing else.

She had jet-black hair that reached down to her shoulders.

On their first date, she had taken out a hand cream and delicately applied it to her hands. Marcus knew the product brand and he stared at it for several seconds. Violette couldn't help but smile bashfully as he stared.

"It smells pretty good," Marcus had remarked casually.

With his handsome looks and mature behavior, he had a magnetic charm that Violette just couldn't resist.

One day, when Marcus had a business engagement to attend, Violette showed up.

She looked somewhat shy, and Marcus guessed that the Finch family seemed to be eager to solidify their daughter's relationship with him as soon as possible. After looking at her for a moment, he finally said, "Let's go together."

Then he proceeded to wait patiently for her to get ready.

He treated her the way any other man treated his girlfriend—gentle, patient, and with mutual respect.

He felt that if after another six months and they were still getting along well, they could get married and have a child, not necessarily a boy, but at least the heir to the Fowler family ought to be male.

Violette had a gentle personality that was quite suitable for the position of a wife.

But every time Marcus thought about it, he always remembered the woman he once loved. Back then, when he made up his mind to marry her, his mindset was completely different from the way it was now. He had eagerly wanted to build a family with her and have children, not as heirs of the Fowler family's but as their own babies.

Yet, in the end, he ended up being the one who uttered those hurtful words and ended their relationship.

It had been three years now.

Was she doing well?

Commented [Ma1]:

Marcus wondered a lot about her life, but he didn't know who to ask. Three years had passed, and except for his own occasional melancholy thoughts, the people around him seemed to have all but forgotten Melissa. No one mentioned her in his hearing. It was as if she didn't even exist.

Even though, like everyone else, he had to look forward, there was still a thorn in his heart.

Feeling troubled, Marcus stood up and went to the smoking room. Due to his status and appearance, the young staff in the salon stole glances at him, quietly admiring him.

Standing by the French windows, Marcus lowered his head to light a cigarette.

Then a thin wisp of smoke began to rise in front of him.

But all of a sudden, there was the sound of high heels smacking the ground outside the smoking room. This sound was quickly followed by the voice of a store clerk, "Miss Brown, we will do our best to meet Mr. Waston's requirements. It would be great if you could put in a good word for us. I know he has high regard for you."

Marcus curled his lips slightly as he listened to this.

Frankly, he was quite indifferent about such conversations. But just as he was about to ignore it, he overheard the response—a soft, sweet voice. "I'll do what I can."

The clerk shook her head and complained, "Mr. Waston just has too many female companions!"

Marcus had been stunned when he heard the second voice. Nevertheless, he slowly turned around, thinking that it was just a case of someone else having a very similar voice, because he never expected her to really be here.

But to his surprise, his eyes fell on no one other than Melissa in the corridor the next second.

She wore a fitting dark suit that made her bust look slightly prominent.

Her long hair was tied loosely behind her head, accentuating her delicate face.

Though her facial features hadn't changed much, they now carried a

different aura, no longer looking as youthful and naive as before. Marcus, astute as ever, immediately noticed the sharp competence beneath her seemingly gentle appearance.

Their eyes caught sight of each other almost at the same time.

Melissa froze slightly, her red lips slightly parted as she stared at him in astonishment.

Time seemed to stand still.

This was a matter between adults, with ambiguity roaming in every corner of the small room, mingled with complex emotions that no one else could understand.

There were a lot of feelings swirling around, except for relief.

Even though many years had passed, they both still hadn't found closure. Now that they had met unexpectedly, even a simple polite greeting seemed difficult.

The store clerk hesitated for a moment before asking Melissa in a low voice, "Do you know Mr. Fowler?"

Melissa finally regained her composure and forced a smile to her face.

"Yes, I used to be his secretary," she explained.

"Oh," the store clerk gasped in surprise. She now finally understood the situation. "Let me go get some cups of coffee while you and Mr. Fowler catch up."

She did not even give Melissa a chance to decline before rushing off.

But as the sound of the clerk's footsteps died away, a young woman suddenly came from nowhere and jumped into Marcus' arms playfully. "Marcus, this dress is not really convenient for me to move around," she complained with a pout.

The dress in question was a light pink gown that looked very beautiful and girlish.

Violette looked really stunning in it.

But Marcus didn't even glance at her. With his arm on her shoulders, he said to the woman before him, "Long time no see, Miss Brown. This is my girlfriend, Violette Finch."

Violette was surprised.

Even though they had only gone on a few dates, she had met some of his friends already, but he had never introduced her like this to anyone.

It made her very happy, and she even complained playfully, "If you had told me that we'd meet friends, I wouldn't have acted like this."

Then she extended her hand to the so-called friend and said with a smile, "Hello, Miss Brown."

Melissa felt a bit dazed as she stared at the extended hand. Marcus, on the other hand, was continuing to stare at her face.

After a moment, she finally reached out to shake Violette's hand.

Then she said with a professional smile, "Miss Finch, your dress is truly beautiful. I think it suits you well. Anyway... Mr. Fowler, I have some other work to attend to. I'll leave you two to your business."

With that, she turned and left after giving them a polite bow.

As Marcus watched her retreating figure, he couldn't help but swallow.

At this point, Violette leaned closer to him and whispered, "She looks really good! She seems smart and capable too. Marcus, won't you find me dull in comparison?"

Marcus quickly turned his eyes away from Melissa when he heard this.

Sitting on the nearby sofa, he grabbed an art catalog and began flipping through it as he replied in an indifferent tone, "I prefer someone that's a bit more simple."

Violette couldn't help but feel delighted and a bit shy too.

She sat beside him and quietly asked what he was looking at. But Marcus asked her, "Aren't you supposed to be trying on dresses? Why not go and try a few more?"

Exactly. In fact, she had seen several lovely ones that she really likes.

Happy and satisfied, she skipped off, leaving Marcus seated alone on the sofa. But when she had gone far enough he let go of the catalog.

Then he pulled out another cigarette from his pocket and tried to light it.

But his fingers were trembling. Hence, the lighter failed several times. At

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the end, he sighed and tossed the cigarette aside.

Seeing Melissa had shaken him.

He pulled out his phone and called Albert. He was no fool. It didn't take him long to figure out that Albert had intentionally come to meet him at the airport.

Apparently, Melissa had been working by his side all along.

There could be no other Mr. Waston in Duefron that had many female companions except for Albert.

"Marcus, this call is two years late!" Albert chuckled when he heard what Marcus had to say. "Hey, do men become a bit foolish when they fall in love? Otherwise, knowing how intelligent you are, you would have returned to Duefron within a month after that incident at the airport. But you didn't. Why now? Have you encountered her now? Let me, with my wisdom and experience, tell you something—it's too late!"

"Uncle Albert, you really care about me," Marcus growled in bitter sarcasm through gritted teeth.

"It should go both ways!" Albert chuckled. "Compared to your dear father, I'm not even one thousandth as kind. I once tried to give you a chance, but you didn't take it. How can you blame me now?"

At this point, Marcus immediately hung up the phone.

Getting Melissa's number wasn't difficult for him at all. Before long, he found it. After hesitating for a while, he finally sent a few simple words. "Long time no see."



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